John Gamble presents

NEW KID IN TOWN

NUMBER ONE • $8.00

MV PUBLICATIONS

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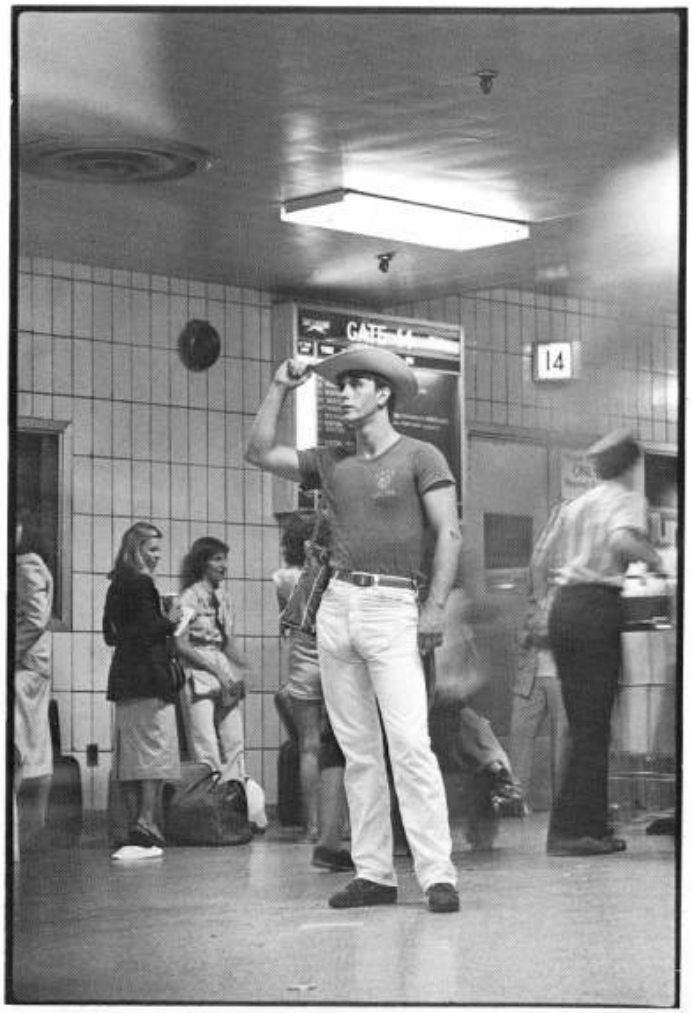
Introducing a strapping, super-built farmboy: Scott Hammond... alone and in action

ADULTS ONLY



NEW KID IN TOWN

Produced, photographed, and designed by John Gamble for MV Publications' Star Series.

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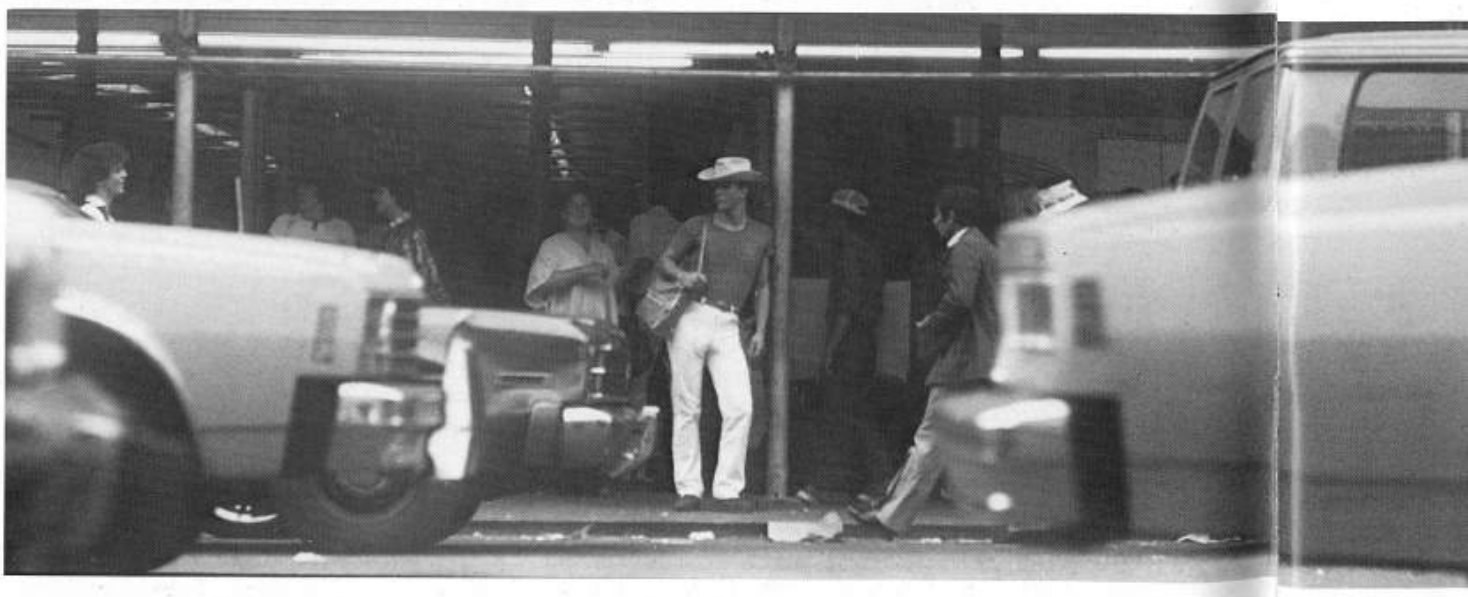

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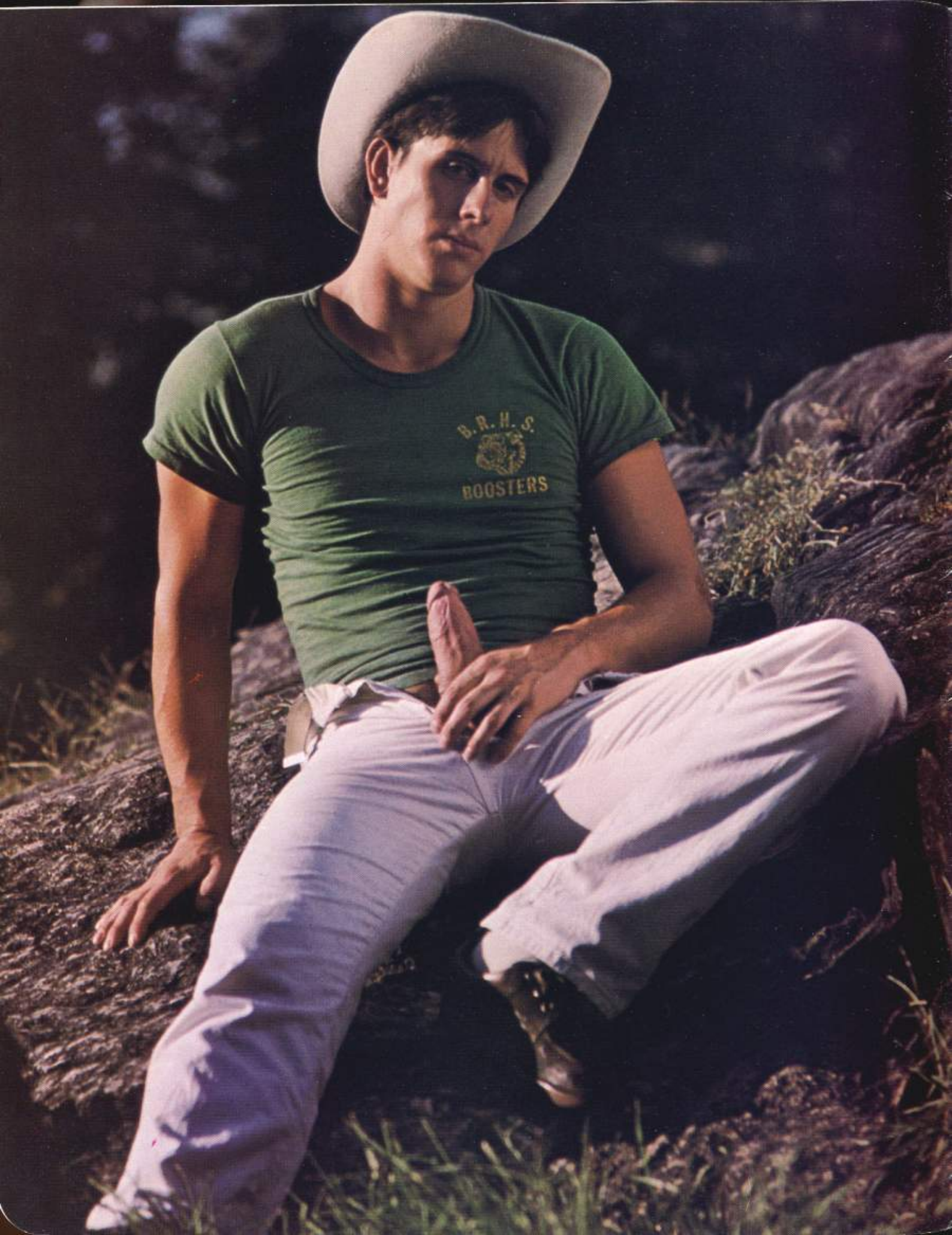
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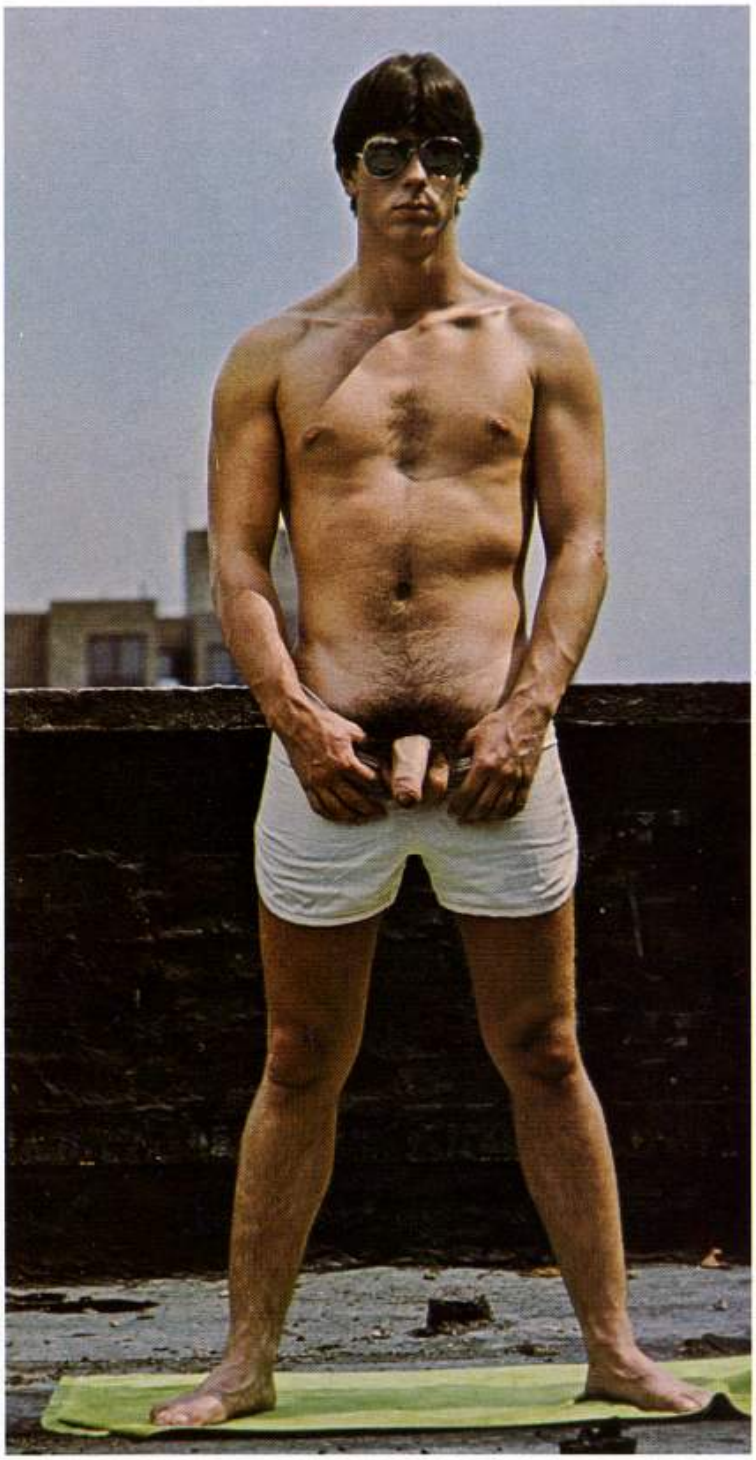

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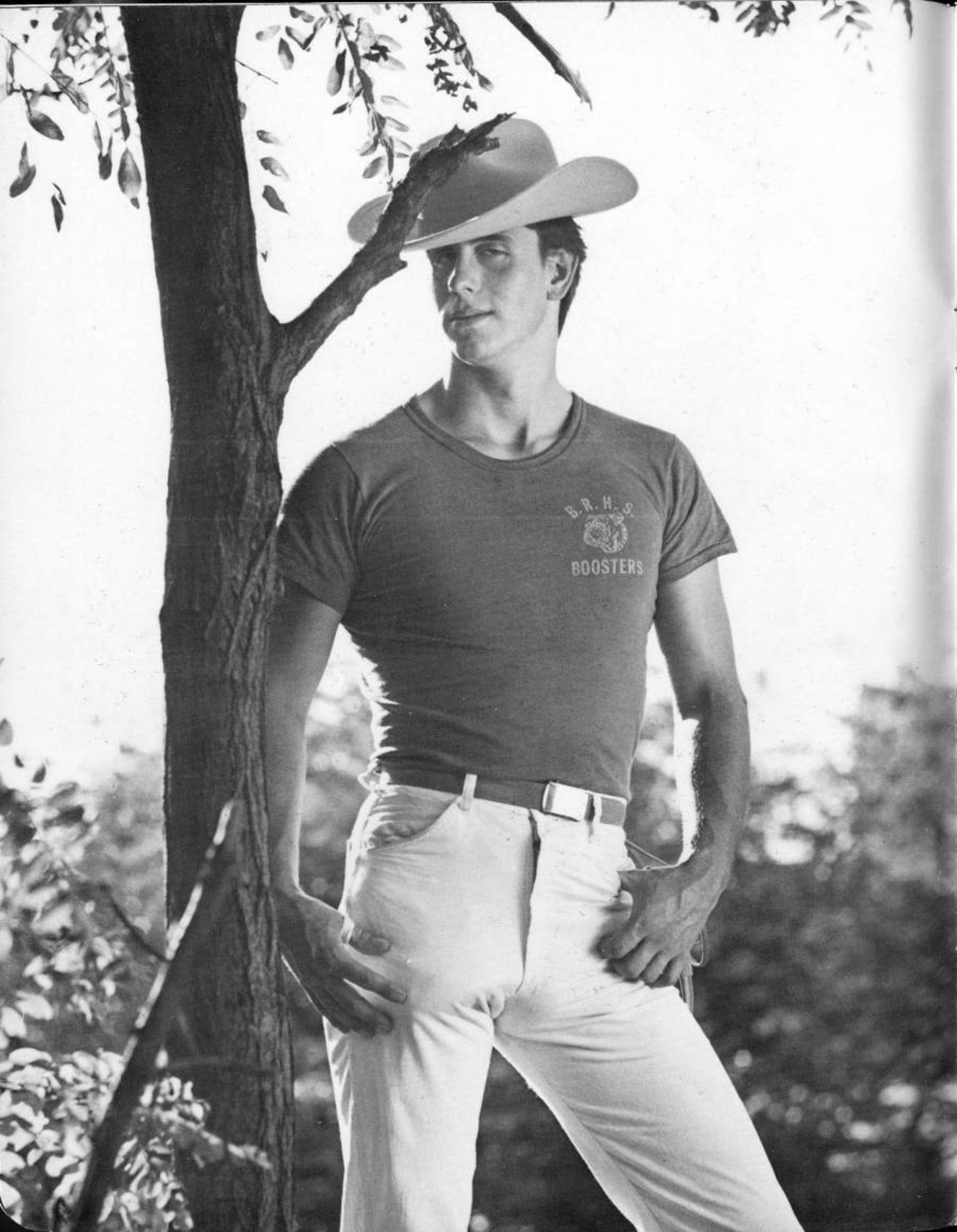
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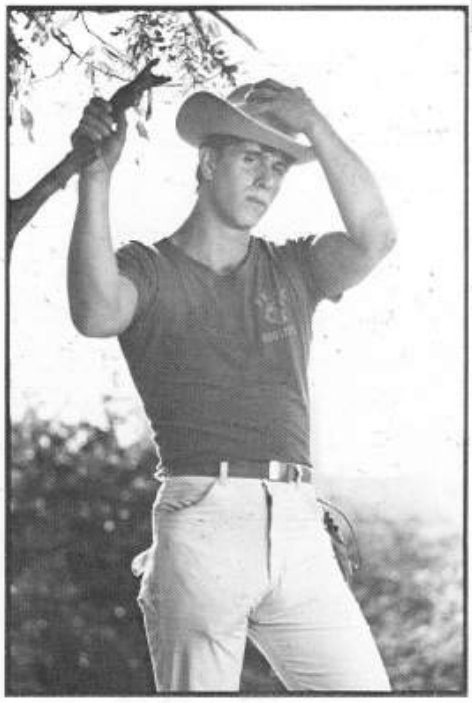

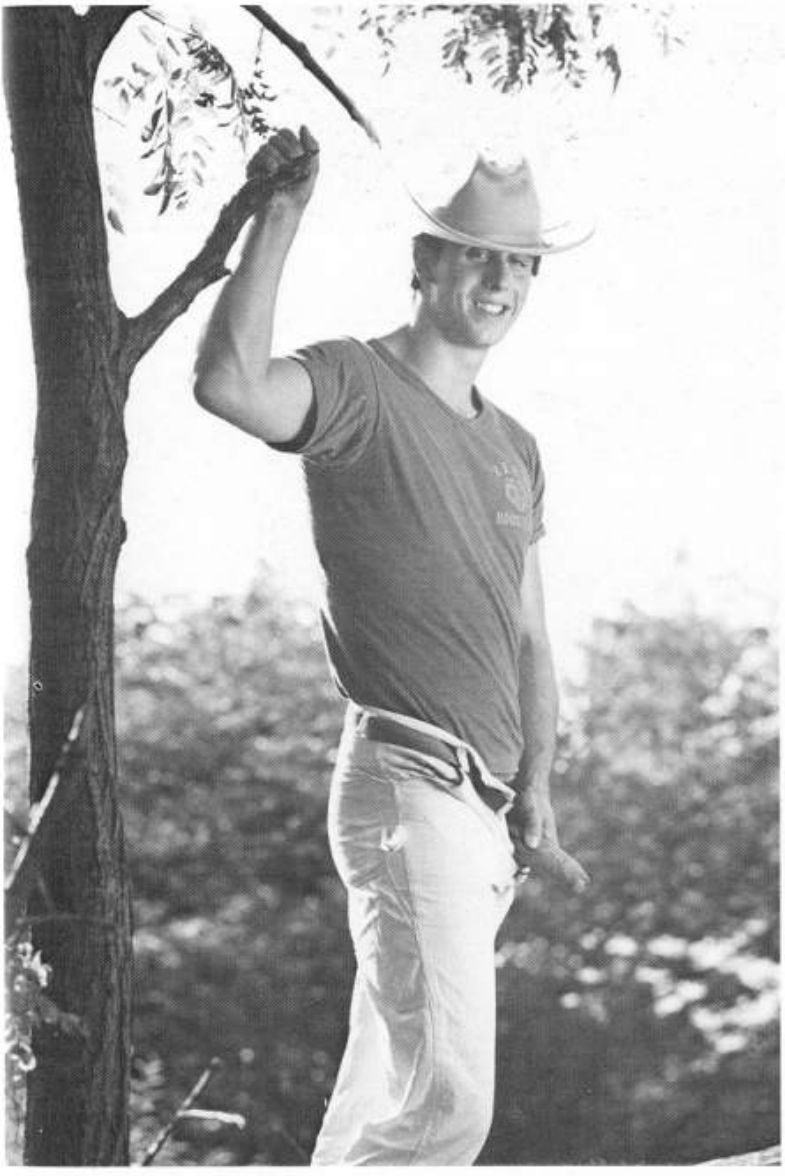

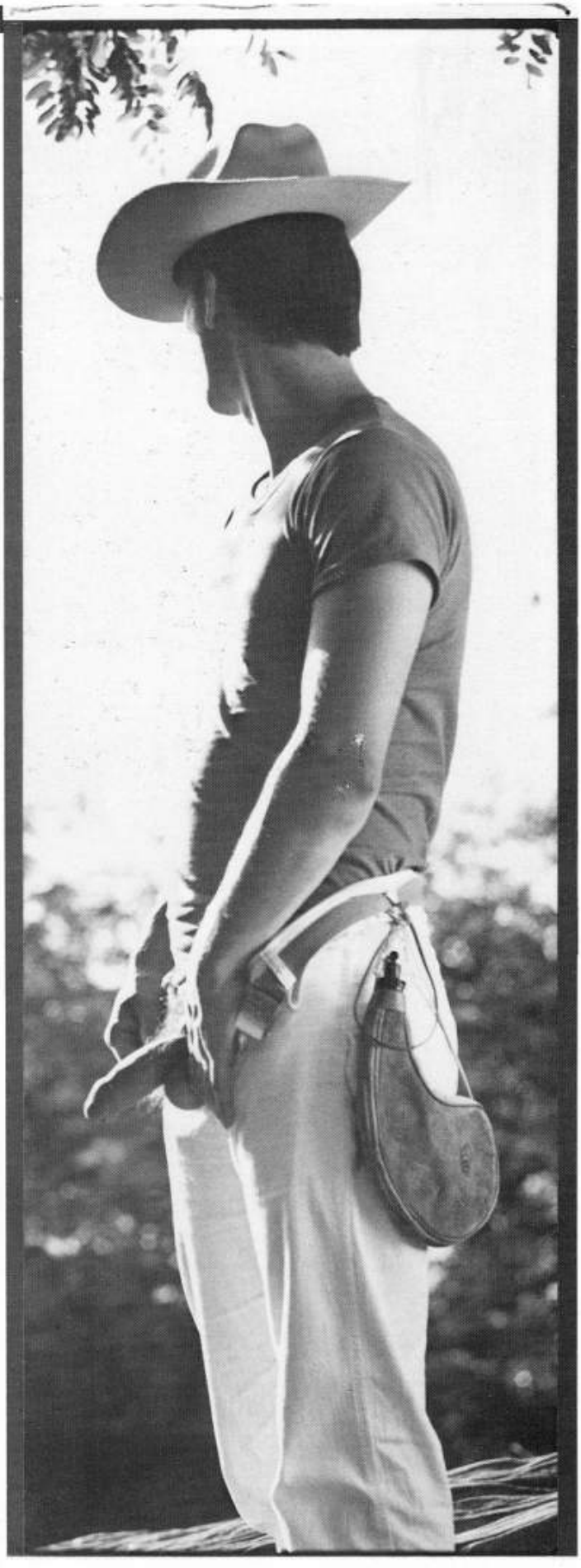

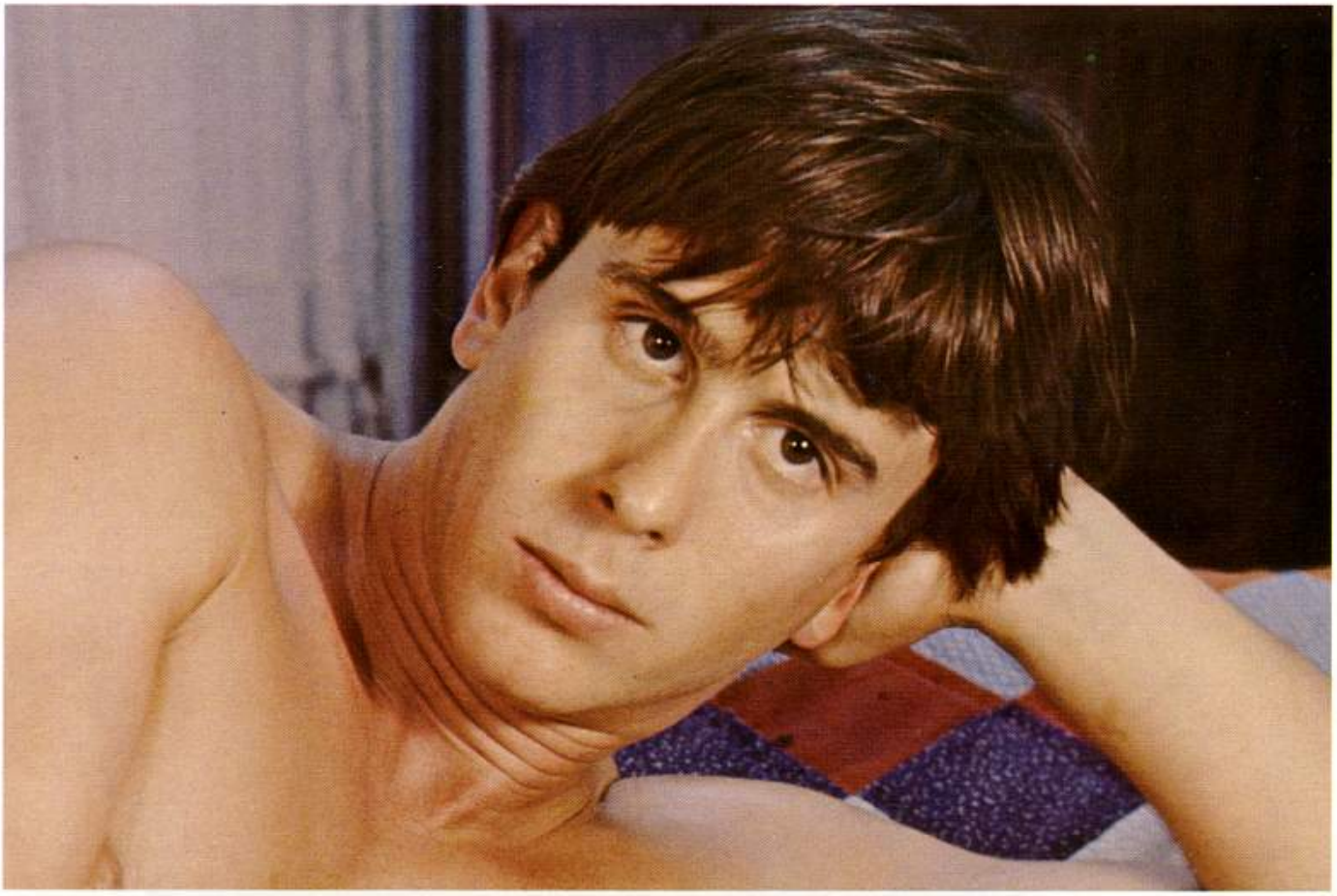

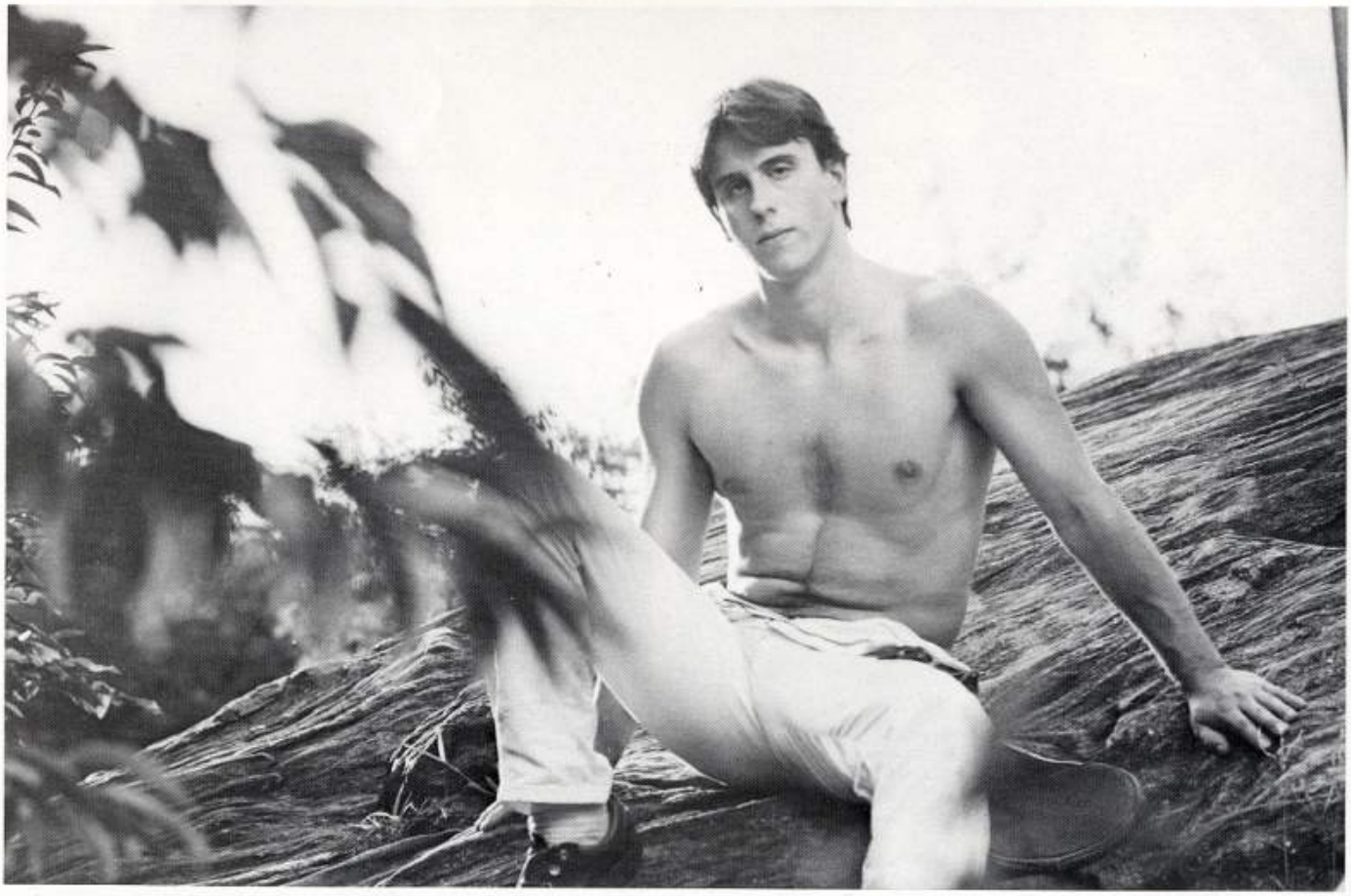

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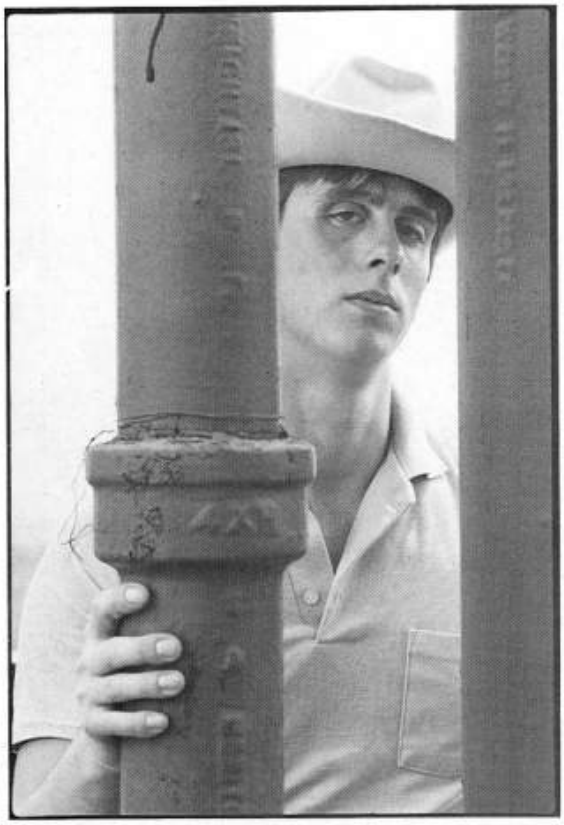
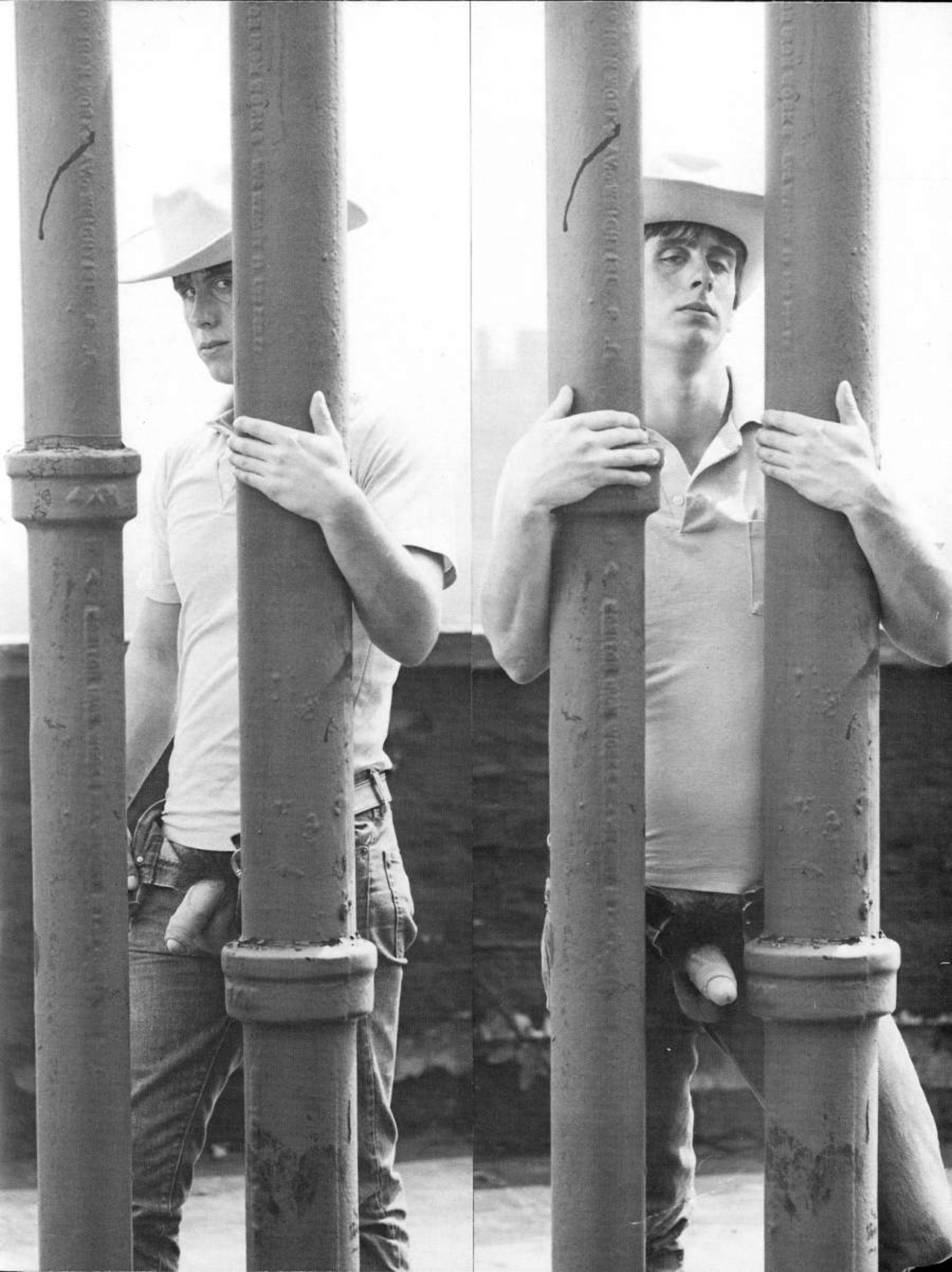


I don't often travel by long-distance bus. Only necessity will put me aboard one, as it did on a recent return-journey to New York.

My trip was brightened at the second stop with the arrival of Scott Charles Hammond, who, bless the goddess of motor vehicles, planted himself in the seat next to mine. Young, six-foot-two-inch Mr. Hammond was connecting on his first trip to New York from his family's farm in a part of the Midwest that shall remain nameless, lest his town be overrun by the masses looking for others where he came from.

My first observation about Scott was that he certainly knew how to fill out his clothes. He looked literally poured into a green T-shirt and white pants, a mass of bulging biceps, pectorals, thighs, balls, and cock. As he swung around, his back and his butt were no less enticing. I settled in for a very interesting ride.



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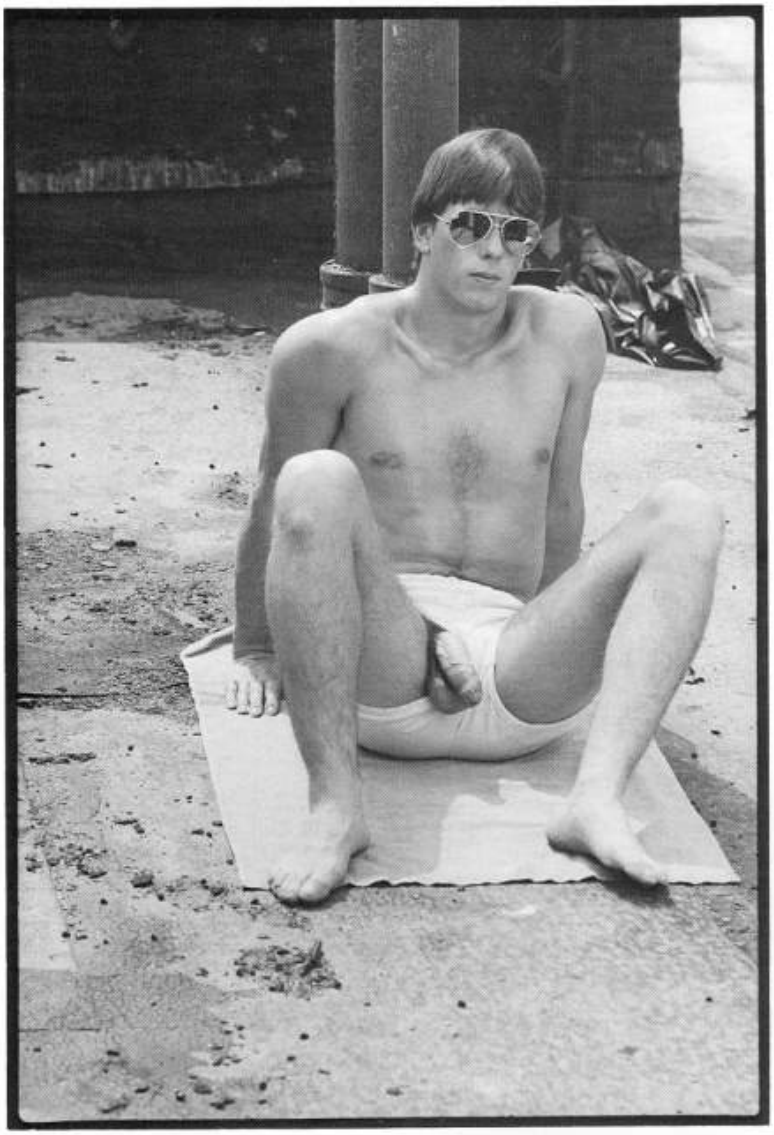
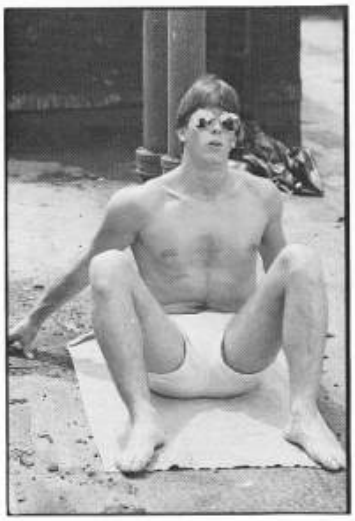
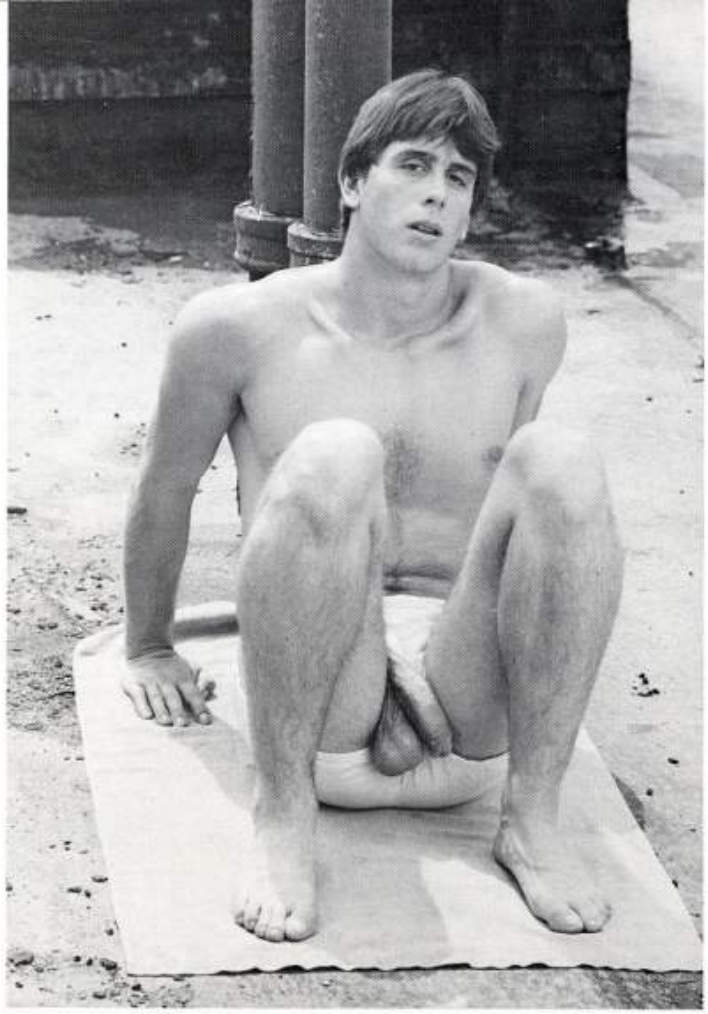
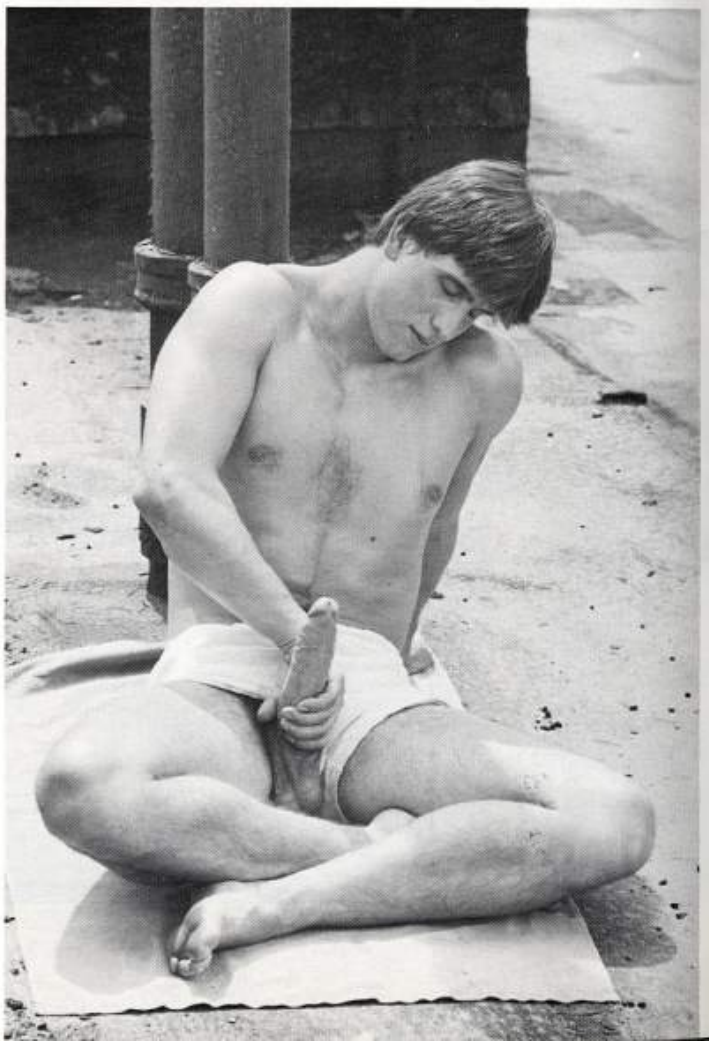


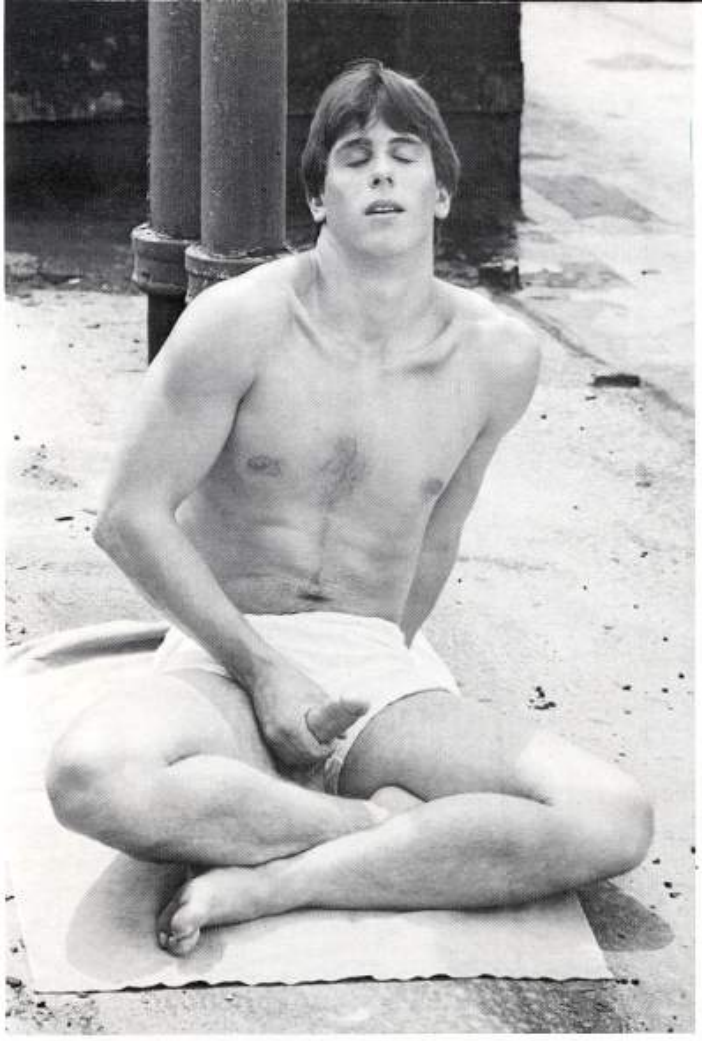
Somewhere along the way, the talk we were having turned sexy, as small-talk between guys so often does. As he talked about his hayloft and Chevy-backseat adventures, his cock grew monstrous, ten inches if it was anything and massively thick. I must have been staring at it more obviously than I thought, because he looked at me kind of shyly, but with a big grin, and whispered, "You really *should* feel it."

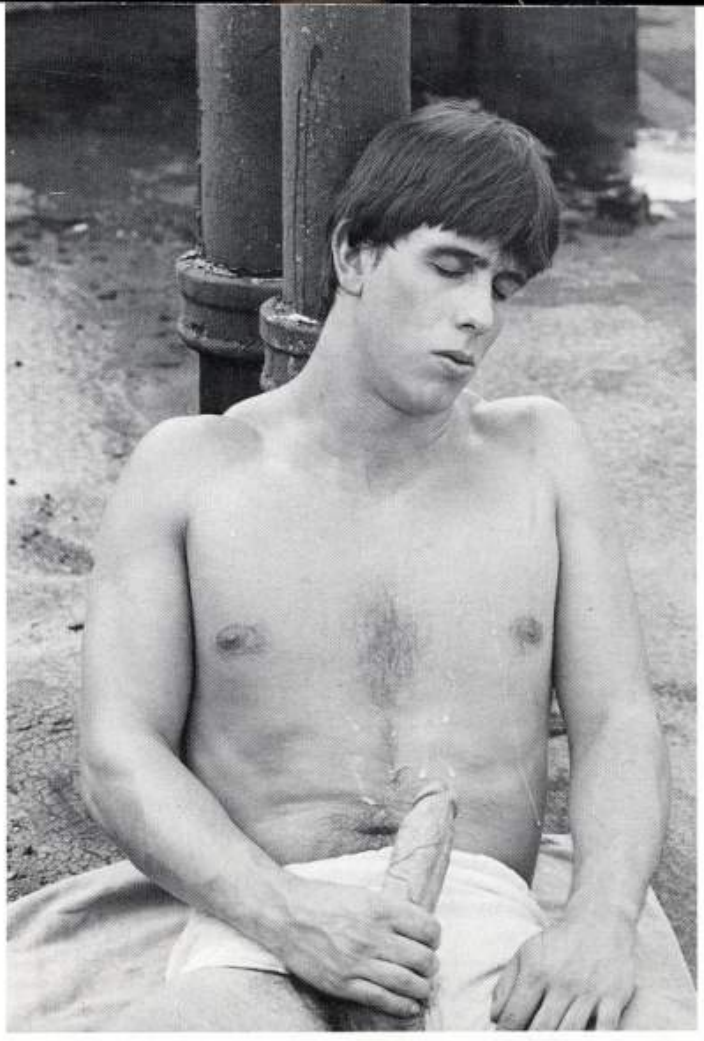
It was all very innocent – just that this kid was really horny. I accepted the invitation.

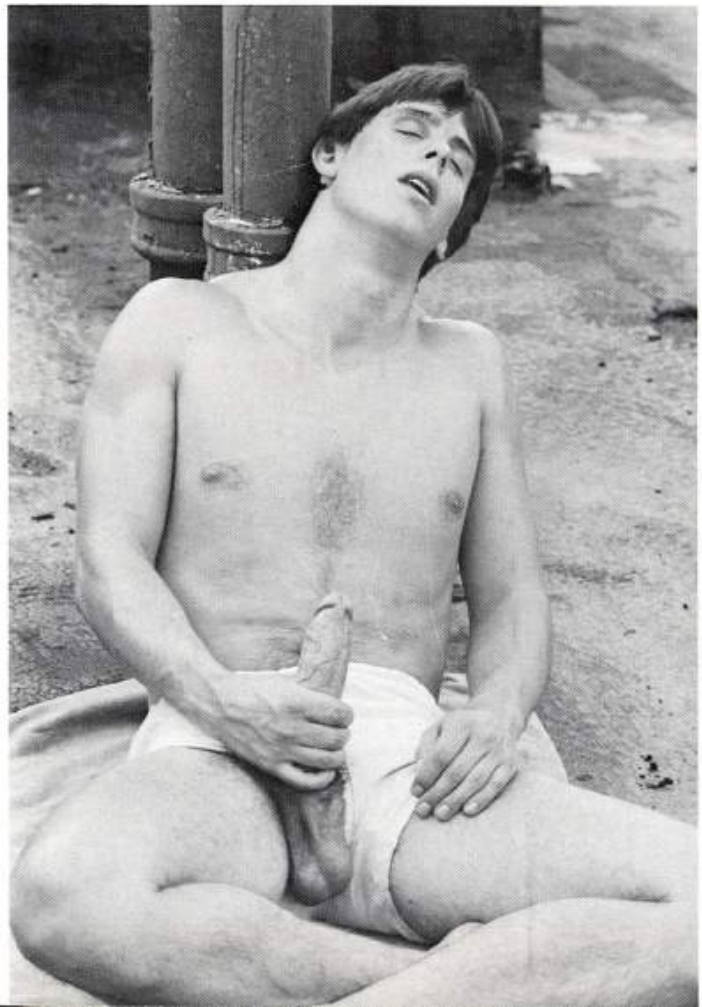


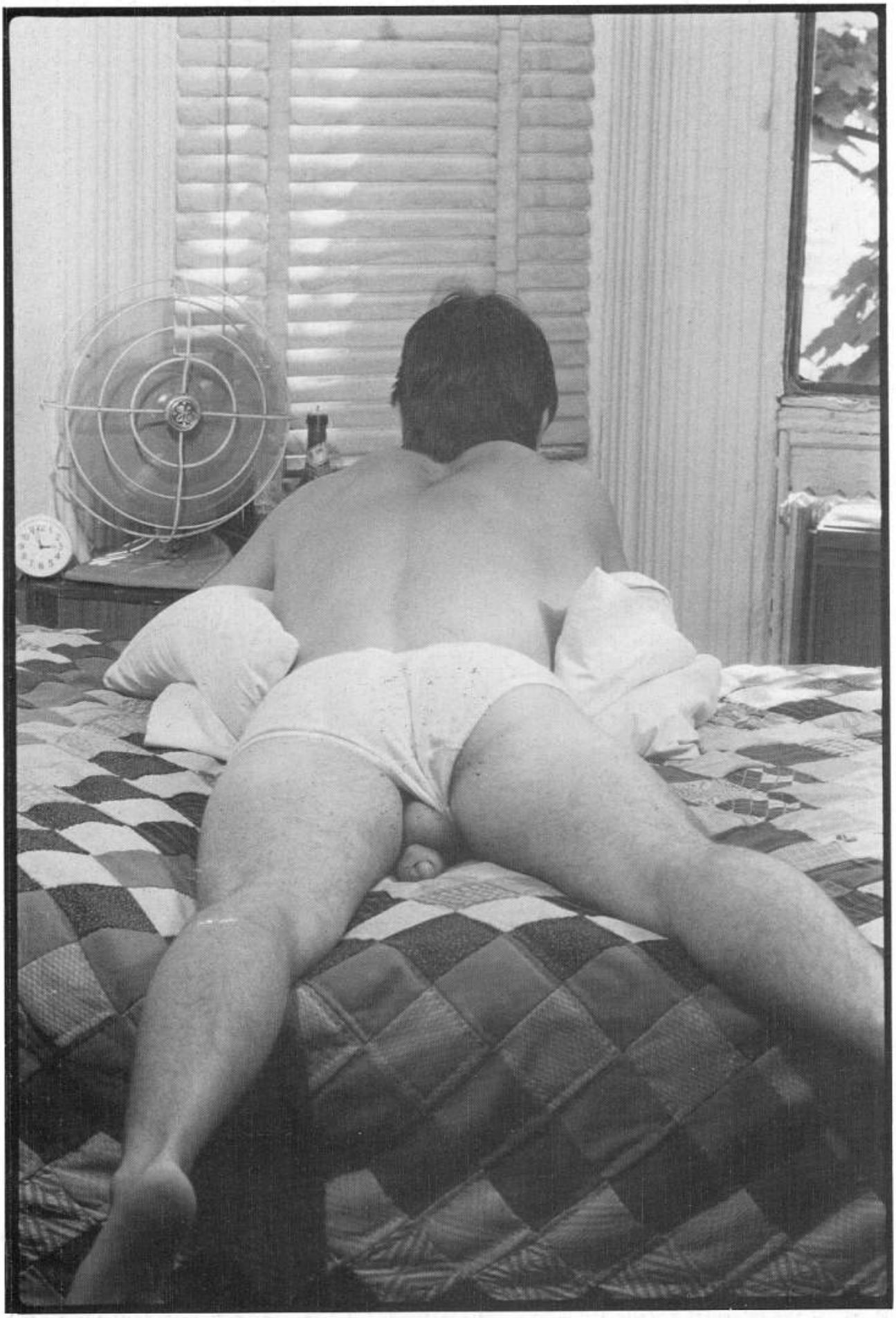


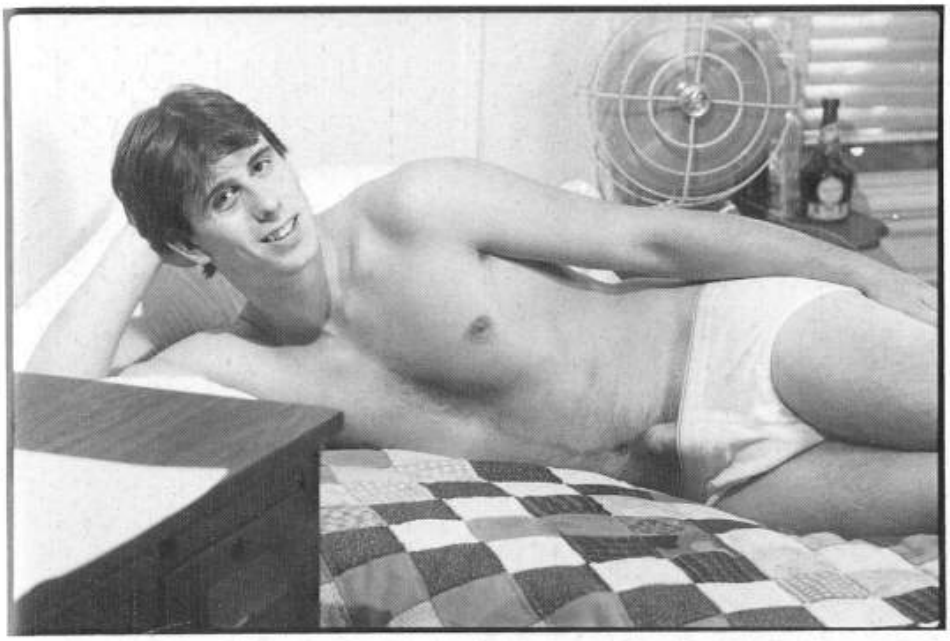






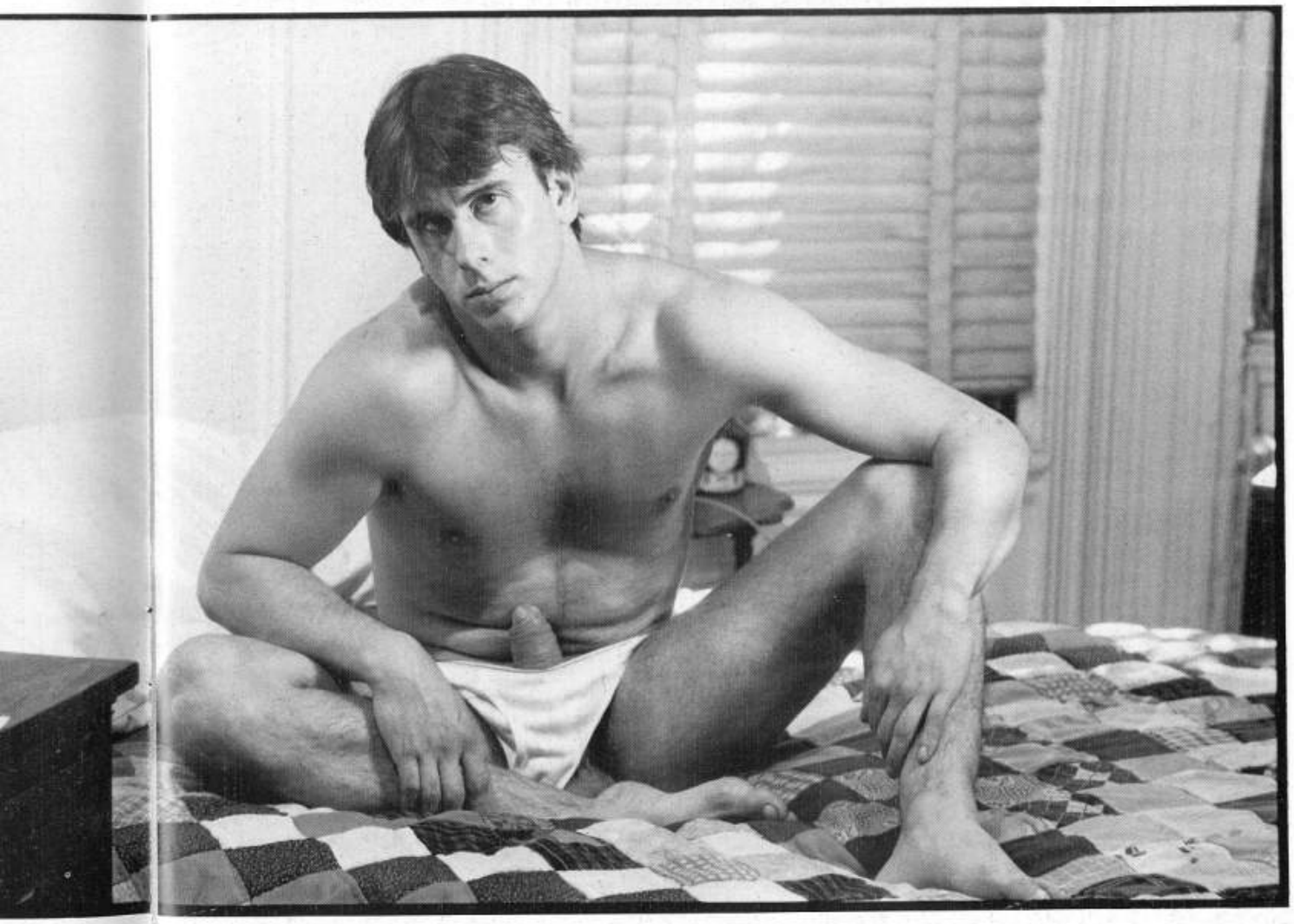






He siffened all over as I touched the bulging organ. I stroked it slowly, lovingly, and he moaned softly and put his arm around my shoulders. Suddenly, it occurred to me that we must be putting on quite a show for our neighboring passengers; but I saw that many had departed in Philadelphia, and we were fairly well isolated as we sped through the New Jersey countryside.

"Whyn't ya take it out," he suggested, so I unzipped him and worked his cock and balls out into the open.



He had one of the biggest, most perfect uncut cocks I have ever seen (or felt), meaty and heavy in my hand. His balls were weighty, too, I discovered with my other hand, as I plunged it between his athletic thighs and found his asshole. He protested as I entered it, but I kept stroking his cock all the while, and he relaxed. His cock grew even larger, and, panting for breath, he placed his head on my shoulder against the nape of my neck. "That's it," he whispered. "Man, I'm so horny I can't stand it. Fuck, that's good! Just like in the showers after football practice. Make me so fuckin' horny 'till I can't stand it ... Gotta shoot! Gotta shoot!"

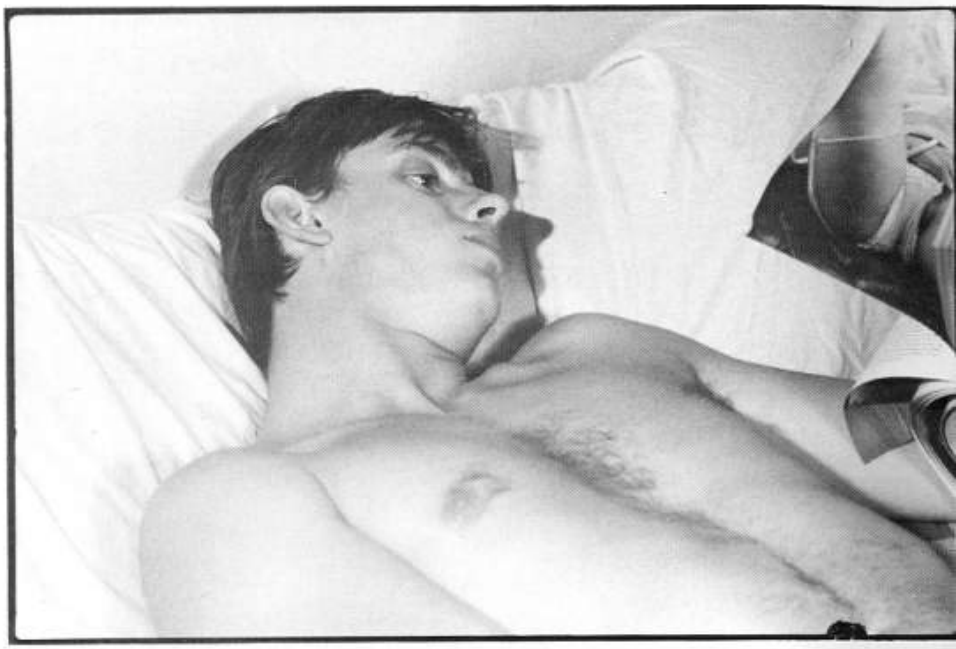
I felt every muscle tense up on his ballplayer's body, and I went for home with my finger against his prostate as I pounded his convulsing cockshaft. Suddenly he grunted and shot a wad high into the air over our seats. Like bolts of white lightning, he came and came and came, as if it had been days since he had come last. He covered us, our seats, and the neighboring seats with his load, and I was thankful that no one else on the bus had turned around to look.

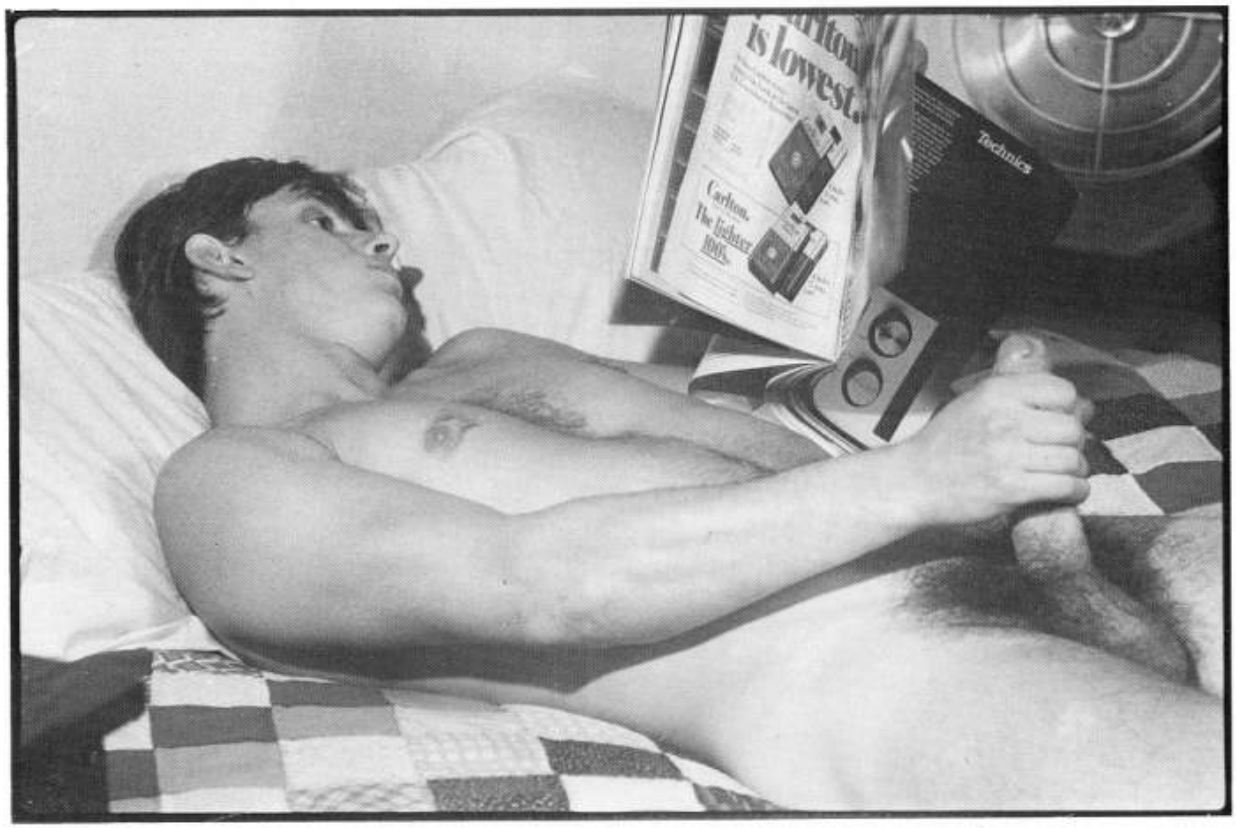
Scott seemed a bit embarrassed when it was all over, but he continued to be open and friendly. He talked about some of his locker-room experiences. "I don't think my folks would approve of it, but it always felt pretty incredible when Greg would fuck around with me in the showers. He was the fullback, and, man, was he built! We'd get so fuckin' horny during the game that we *had* to get ourselves off when it was over."

He hesitated for a moment, judging my reaction. "Hell, one night we got so drunk, I let him fuck my butt. It really felt great after a while, but I wasn't sure how cool it would seem the next day, so I rolled him over and filled *his* ass with *my* load." He grinned. "He was awful mad, but he sure had one hell of a tight, round ass."

He was getting hard again, just thinking about it, but we were too close to the end of our journey to do anything about it.

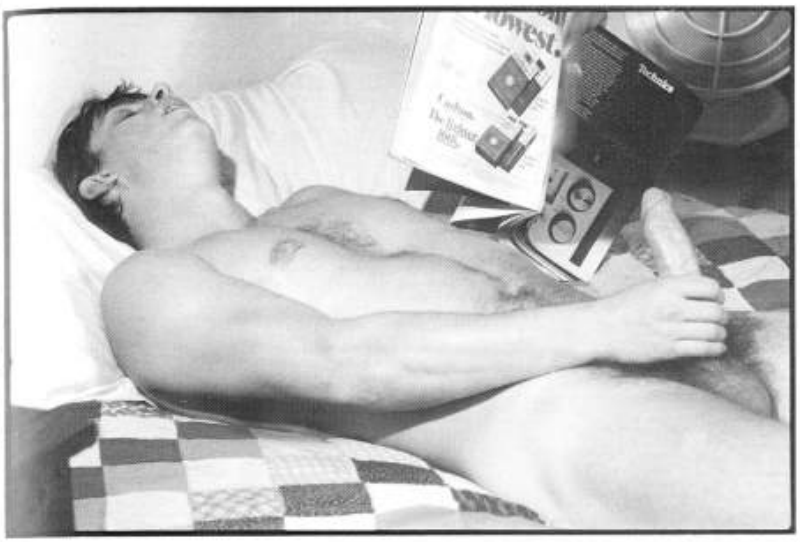
So I told him what I did and asked him to model for me. He was silent for quite a while, as he considered all the possible ramifications, then he smiled that golden-boy smile and said, "Sure!"





You should have seen the look on his face as we stepped out of the Port Authority Bus Terminal and into Times Square. If you've ever thought that a small-town boy's look of wonderment at the big city was passe in these cynical times, you were wrong.

As he gaped at the vastness of the city, a lot of tired, seen-it-all New Yorkers were gaping at Scott. With his cowboy hat on, and his cock in plain view throught those white pants, he was a real crowd-pleaser.



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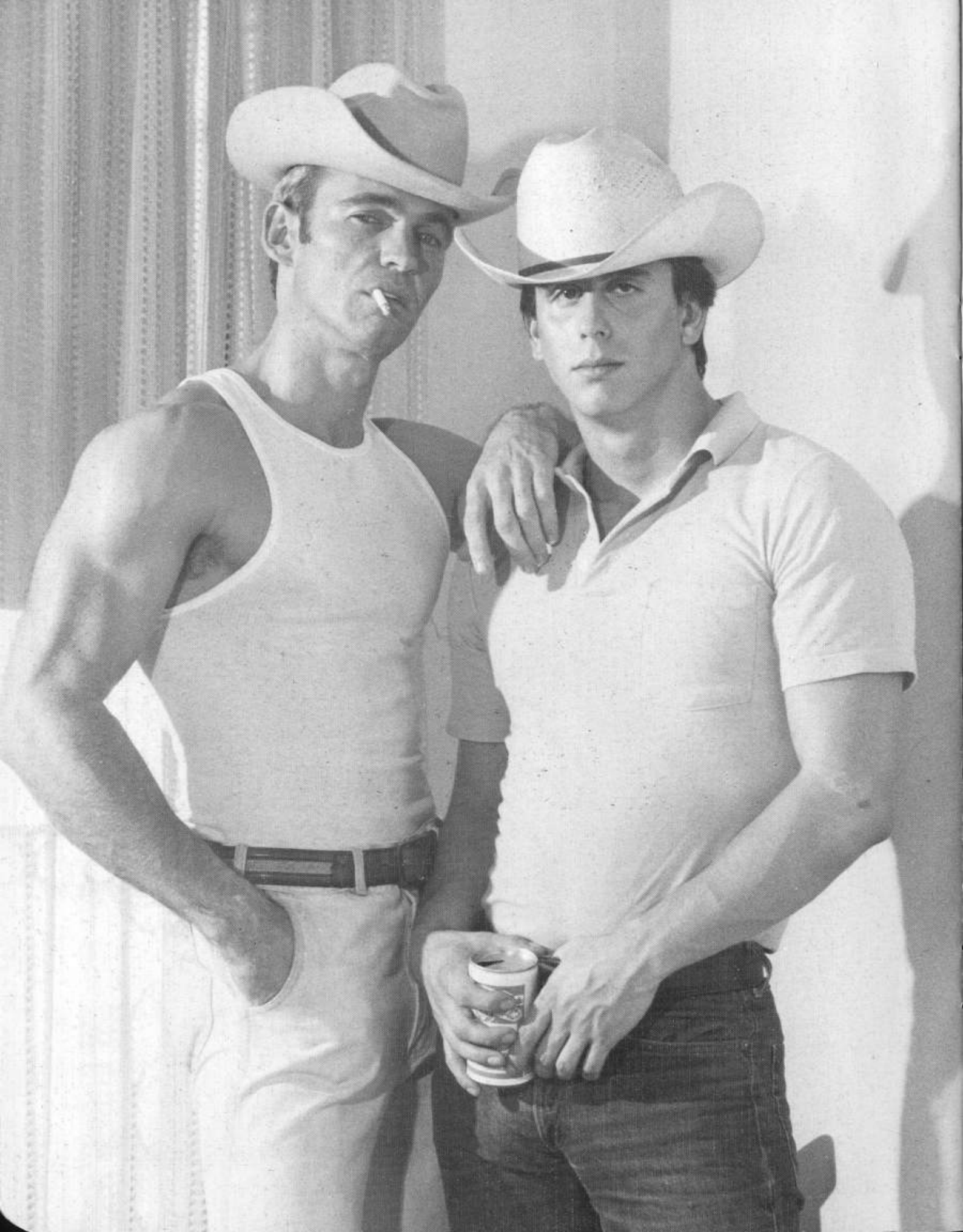
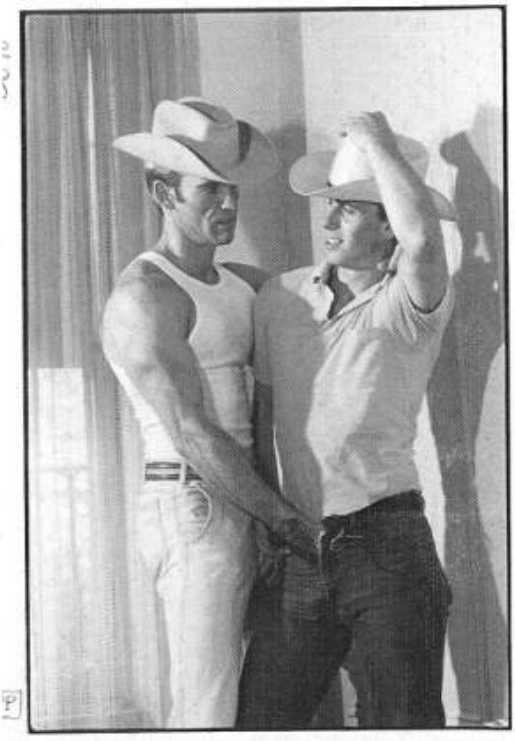
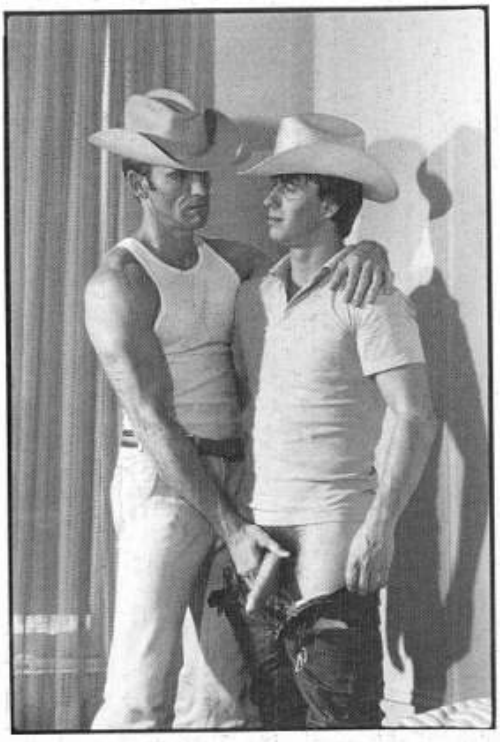
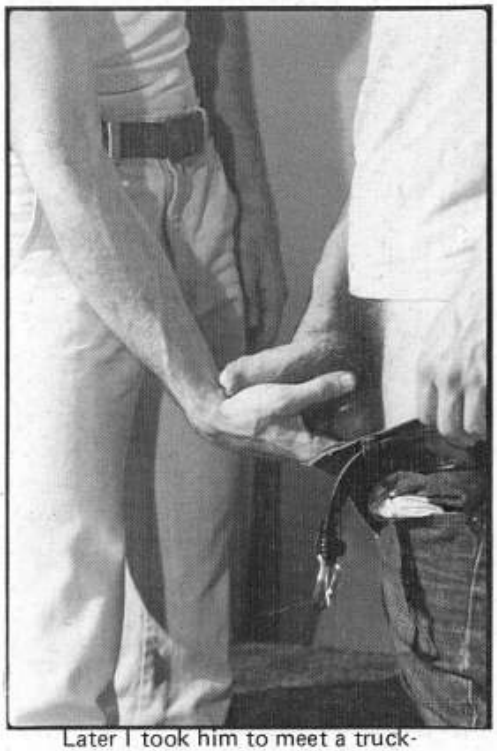
I took him uptown to Riverside Park, where I snapped some fairly discreet pictures. But then he hauled out his heavy equipment to take a piss, and I clicked away. And as they say, it was so nice out that we left it out. After some more picture-taking, I sent him on his way and asked him to call me the next day.

Instead, I met him while he was sunbathing on the rooftop of the building in which he was staying. Nobody else was around, so I took out my camera and he took out his cock and we went to work on it. I still couldn't believe how big that monster was as he jacked it off, covering himself with an ample load.

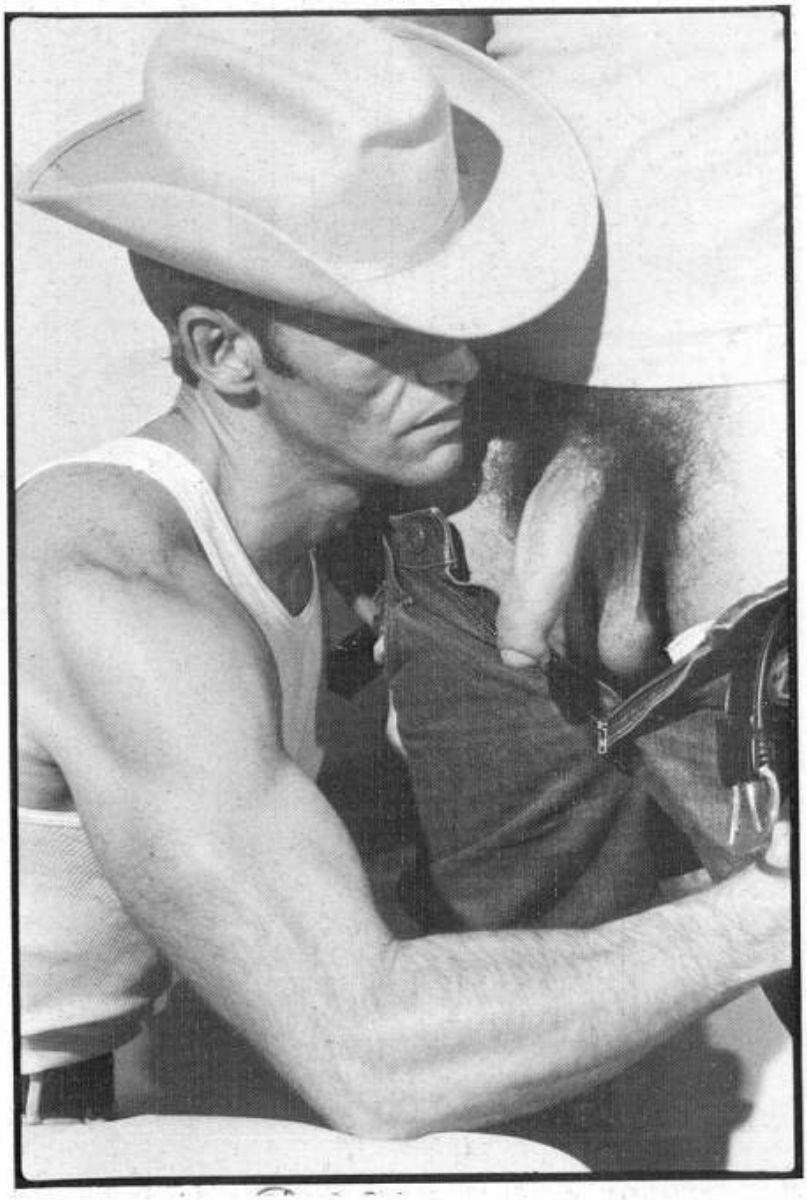


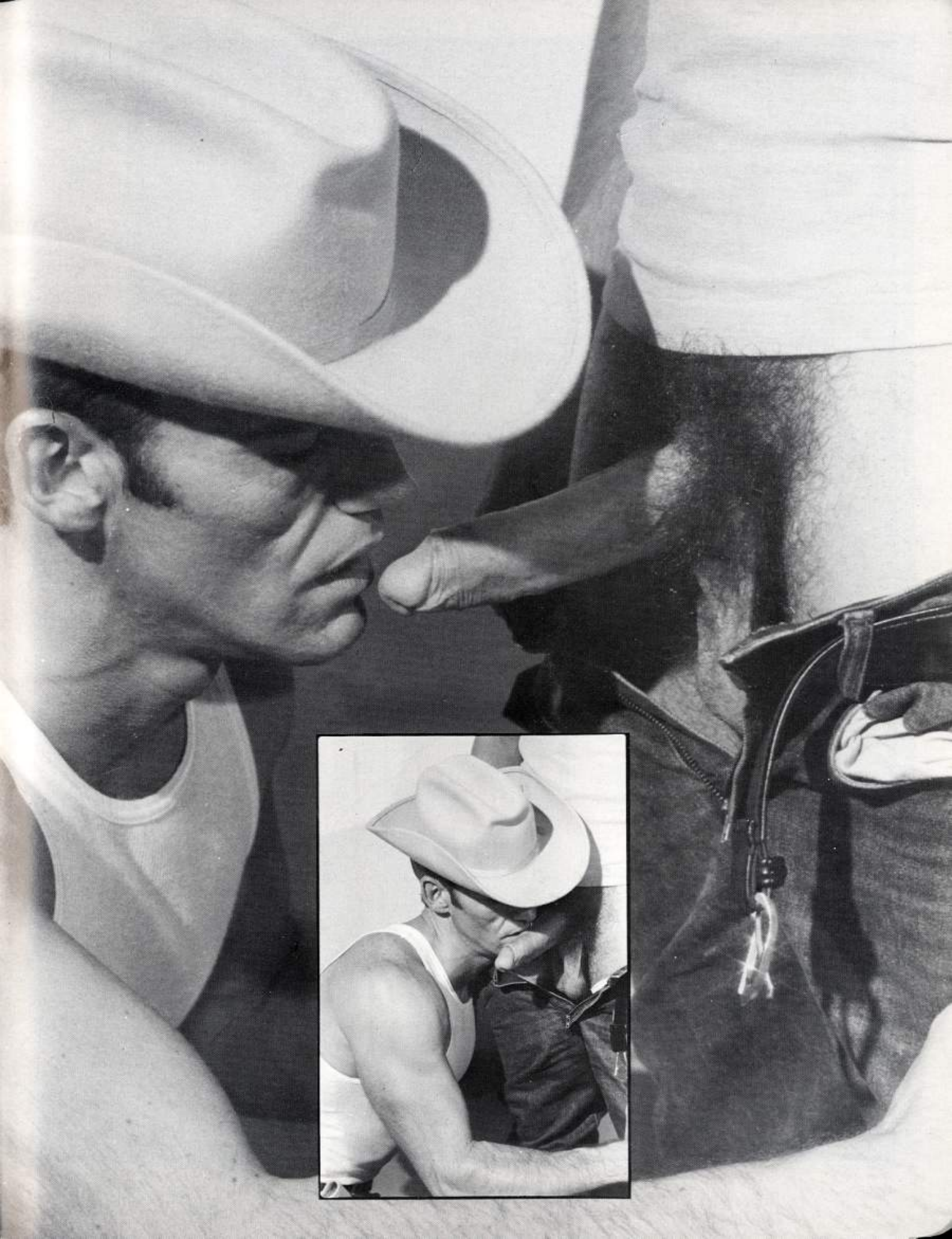


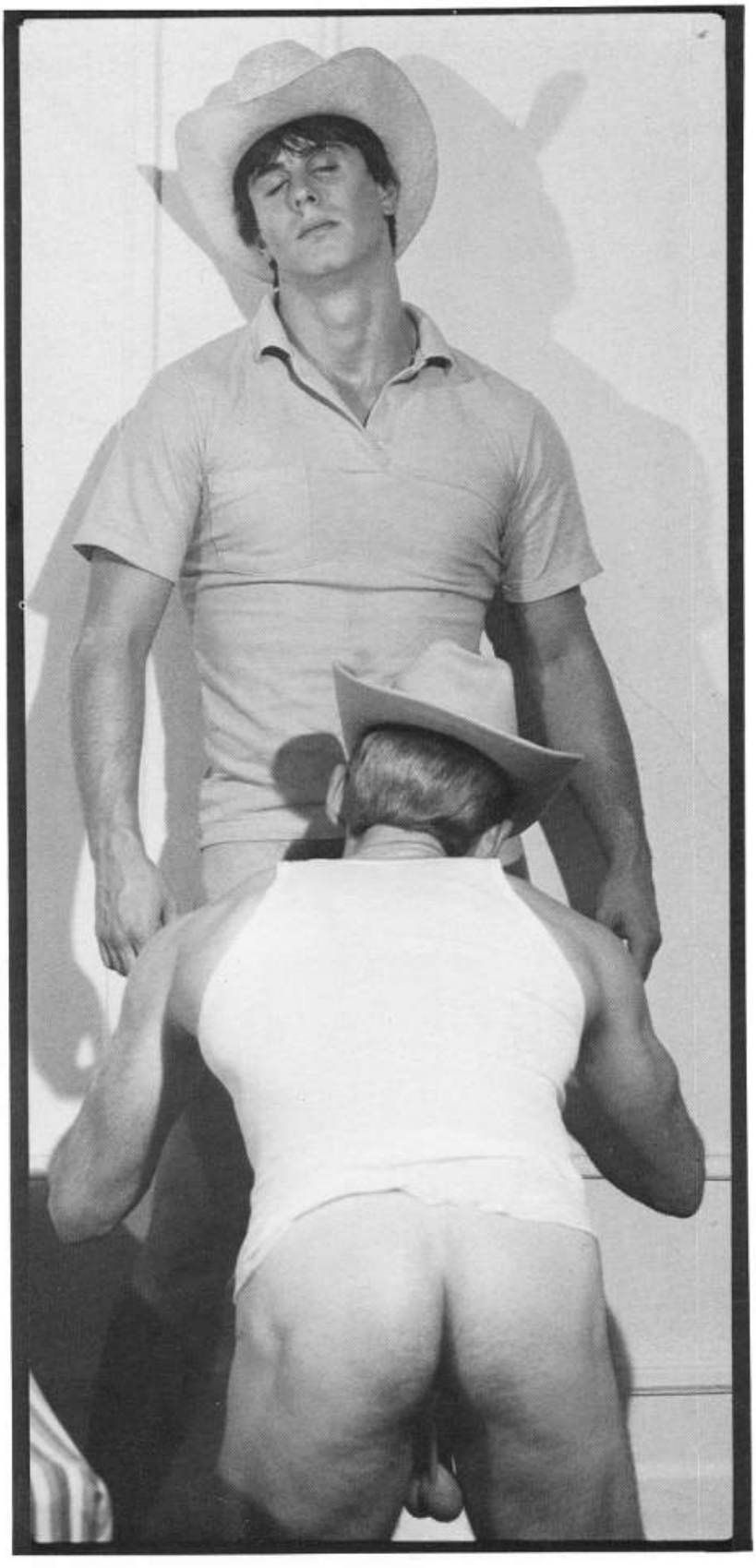




Later I took him to meet a truck-drivin' cowboy friend of mine, figuring that one cowboy might take to another in this decidedly uncowboy city. That, I discovered, was putting it mildly. Big Zeke (that's *it*, folks — just Big Zeke) and Scott took to each other as naturally as a cock takes to a mouth. There was some sizing up and man-to-man bullshit first that a lot of guys seem to have to go through, but soon politics gave way to natural biochemistry.





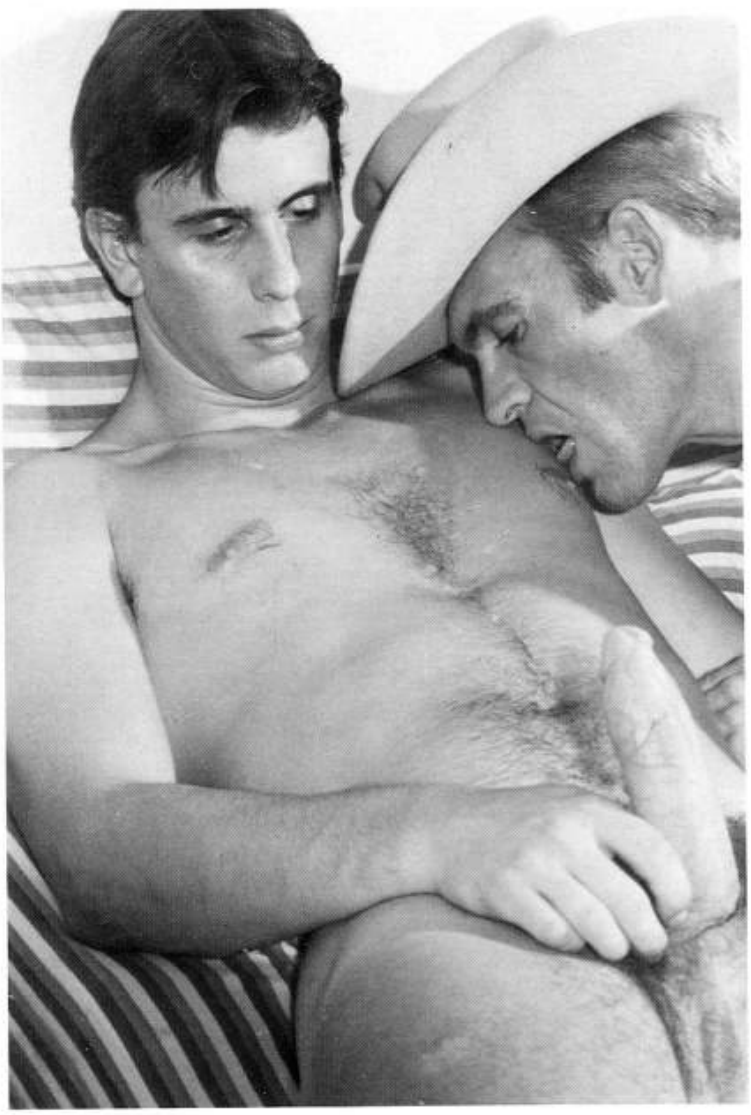


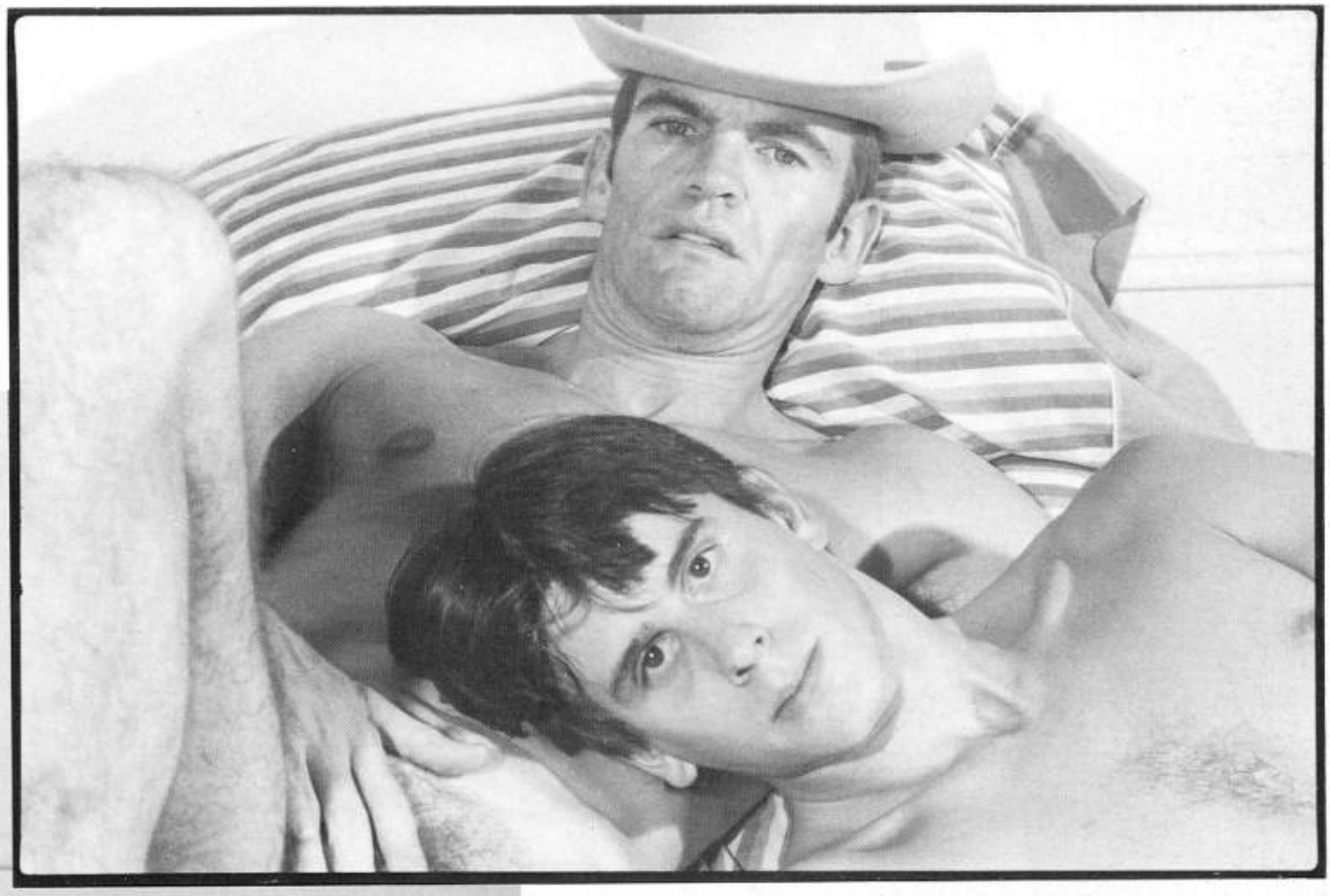
Zeke's hard musculature pressed up against the young football-playing cowboy from the Midwest. "Scotty," he said, "you're one hell of a big guy, but I'm bigger, and I say you turn that sweet ass over to *me*." Zeke was turned on as hell, and so was Scott. But Scott wouldn't let me take pictures of Zeke pounding his rump, so he said to Zeke, "Babe, looks like this time it's gonna have to be *you*."

Now Zeke has a butt on him that would stop traffic, but I'd never known him to turn it over to *any* man. But when he let Scott on for a ride, I knew that Zeke must have been turned on enough to let Scott do what he wanted. That young stud buried his horse-dick into Zeke to the hilt and pumped him until Zeke half-whispered half-moaned, "Give it to me, babe. Yeah! Ride me, babe!"

"Oh, fuck," cried Scott, as he delivered his load in the rear. "Here I come," Zeke muttered as he shot, covering me with some of his load.

I decided that this was the discreet time to leave, and agreed to meet Scott again. As I was leaving, Zeke had his finger up Scott's butthole, and they both were roaring hard; and while I never got the full story, I have a feeling that Zeke returned the favor to Scott, just as Scott had done that night with Greg in a small town somewhere far to the west.





NEW KID IN TOWN

Thanks for your response to issue one of *One to One*. I read all your letters, although I couldn't answer them all personally. I hope you enjoyed this magazine as well.

If you wish to write to comment, or if you are or know a suitable model, here is my address:

John Gamble
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Potential models should include their name, age, address, telephone number, and, if possible, a picture they can spare, preferably nude.

Do not order catalogs or merchandise from the above address, as I am the photographer only. Ordering information is in the MV Publications ad on the last two inside pages of this magazine.

Take care 'til next time.

John Gamble

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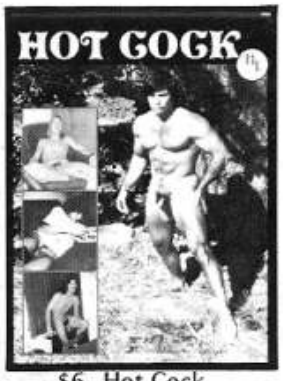

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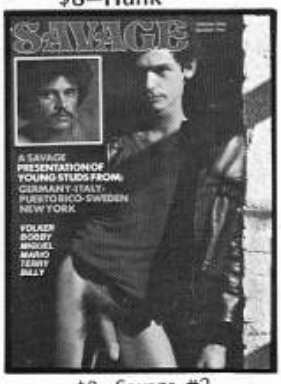
$8—Hunk

$6—Hung Cadets

$6—Rookies In Uniform

$6—Truck Stop

$8—Savage #1



$8—Savage #2

$6—Western Scene

$6—Man To Man

$6—Butch Trade

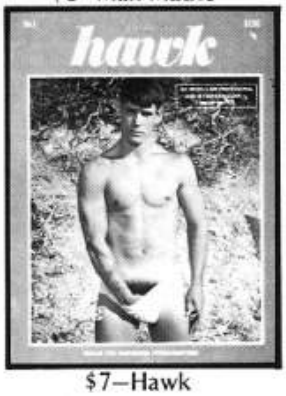
$6—Man Mades

$8—Tub Tricks #1

$8—Tub Tricks #2

$8—Yng. Man's Image # 4

$7—Best Of Brentwood



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Finally, we need your business. Unlike all but a handful of mail order outlets we are *producers* of gay material. Those who produce are far more in need and deserving of your direct support.

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Room 603
N.Y.C., N.Y. 10036

This ad represents only a *small* portion of the Male Views catalog. After 10/1/79 it would be advisable to send for M.V.'s catalog *before* ordering from this ad as we may be out of some titles by that time.

All magazine prices are under the magazine photos. If you buy 5 or more magazines from this ad you may deduct $1 *each*. Please watch the prices carefully as there are several different prices. *1st Class Postage is included.*

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